

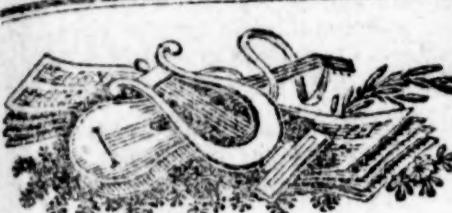
# The Saturday Evening Post.

VOL. IV.—No. 26.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25, 1825.

WHOLE NO. 204.

Published by ATKINSON &amp; ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second street.

TERMS—\$2.00 per annum, if paid in advance;  
\$2.50 at the end of six months; and  
\$3.00 if not paid within the year.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEATH.

Can you scorn the power of Death?  
Can you hold the fluttering breath?  
Can your riches bribe the King,  
Or your honours break his sting?  
Can your beauty 'scape death,  
Or defend its mother clay?  
Never!—all the wealth you have,  
Cannot keep you from the grave!  
Honours cannot guard your heart,  
From the poison of his dart!  
Nor can beauty's fairest bloom,  
Save you from the moulderer tomb!

IDA.

PURCHASE—could abundant wealth,  
Purchase never-ending health,  
Crown never had felicitous death!  
Honours—could they break his sting?  
Cesar might have scorned the king;  
Alexander never had died,  
Nor the Thacons lost their pride!

BEAUTY.

—could the fairest give,  
To its own power to live;

MORALIST.

From the grave's corrupting arms,  
Helen had withdrawn her charms!

IDA.

All united never eat,  
From pale death deliver man;

IDA.

Hear the penance man cry,  
"All mankind is born to die!"

You have seen the setting sun,  
Through the western skies go down;

IDA.

In the morn you've seen it rise  
Brightly in the eastern skies.

IDA.

So virtue it is given;  
To assert its native hev'n;

IDA.

Welcome death, and sink to rest,  
Calmly on the Saviour's breast;

IDA.

Rise again and soar away,  
In eternity of day.

IDA.

You have mark'd old winter's reign:

IDA.

Desolation swept the plain;

IDA.

You have seen the spring resumé,  
Zephyr's breath, and robes of bloom.

IDA.

Titus the blasts of death may blow,

IDA.

And the blots of life bring low;

IDA.

But the virtuous need not fear,

IDA.

Brightly joys through death appear,

IDA.

They shall float on halcyon wing,

IDA.

In eternity of spring.

ALONZO.

May 20, 1825.

Epitomized.

RESIGNATION.

"What cannot resignation do?  
She wonders can perform."

Fain would you "fancy wake again,  
Visions of joy, that could not last;"

IDA.

Fain would you turn the magic strain

IDA.

Once more, to pleasure past,  
And paint them bright as summer flowers,

IDA.

As sweet as bloom'd in childhood's hours.

IDA.

Th' childhood's hour of cloudless bliss,  
The brightest roses may adorn,

IDA.

The hour must come—we cannot miss

IDA.

The bairn and the thora—

IDA.

And hope will then be like the ray,

IDA.

Scarce half illumining winter's day.

IDA.

Ab! I have heard (in accents wild.)

IDA.

A voice, my wounded spirit broke:

IDA.

"Thou art my own, my chosen child!"

IDA.

"Twas sorrows' self that spoke:

IDA.

She had no love the woes she brought,

IDA.

Scarce fleeting joys, and pleasing thought.

IDA.

For van is joy's delusive form;

IDA.

Few are the pleasures left for thee:

IDA.

Thy happiness is like the storm

IDA.

That howls through leadless tree.

IDA.

Thou'lt feel the pang of friendshap's stain,

IDA.

And friend affection's broken chain."

IDA.

The vision fled—Yet once again,

IDA.

Calm resignation's sooth'ning voice,

IDA.

Address'd the bard in softer strain;

IDA.

"Oh! make my bairn thy choice:

IDA.

The purest blessings round it shine;

IDA.

Where countless joys may still be thine."

IDA.

As evening's ling'ring, burnish'd light,

IDA.

Still hovers o'er the day's decline,

IDA.

Th' rapture fade—some joys as bright;

IDA.

Shall gild that heart of thine;

IDA.

And o'er thy soil their heavenly sway

IDA.

Shall keep, 'till feeling fades away."

IDA.

Oh! yes, there are some gleams of bliss,

IDA.

That in my dark'd spirit break

IDA.

With more transcendent loveliness,

IDA.

Than fairey'd to make;

IDA.

For sweeter far than pleasure's wiles,

IDA.

Are resignation's placid smiles.

IDA.

May 23, 1825.

—

TO —.

Oh! if my soul were free to soar,

IDA.

Thro' those pure fields of light and shade,

IDA.

To roam the bright empyreum o'er,

IDA.

And visit worlds where none have strayed.

IDA.

Thou' purest, holiest, dreams of bliss,

IDA.

Might meet me in the realms above,

IDA.

Such as were never known in this—

IDA.

Still would sigh for thee, my love!

IDA.

In earth's gayest, loveliest spot,

IDA.

Forever deck'd with ceaseless spring,

IDA.

Where death or deluge enter not,

IDA.

And Time flies by, on golden wing,

IDA.

My home might be;—which nought could mar,

IDA.

Nor care, nor pain, nor sorrow be—

IDA.

Believe me—'twould be sweeter far,

IDA.

To share them all my love, with thee?

IDA.

Should I seek those coral cells,

IDA.

Fabled to lie beneath the sea;

IDA.

Where pearl and gems, sea-flowers and shells,

IDA.

Of every hue, shine gloriously;

IDA.

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to escape from their dwellings, (which being mostly constructed of wood, were now in flames) and find safety in flight: but within or without, they were alike doomed to destruction; if they reached the door, they were instantly felled to the ground, or driven back to the flames.

The dwelling of the Donaldsons, being built of stone, had somewhat longer resisted the fury of the attack. At the first wild yell they had started in bewildered terror from their beds, and the shrieks of the terrified females were heard even above the shouts of the savages. In frantic consternation they clung wildly to each other, resolved to perish together; destruction seemed inevitable, for on every side of the building, was re-echoed the awful war-cry of the assassins. Richard convulsively clasped his wife to his throbbing bosom in silent agony, while William vainly endeavoured to cheer his parents and sister.

A loud crash was heard, and a bright red glare of light illuminated the outer apartment. "They have burst the door!" exclaimed Maria, sinking almost senseless on the bosom of her husband. "Fly! fly! endeavor to conceal yourselves and escape!" cried the young men, seizing their muskets, and almost forcing them to obey; as a second crash announced that the last barrier had given way—at the same moment five or six savages sprang into the room; and ere the intrepid youths could point their weapons, their venerable parent was stretched lifeless at their feet—but instantly the glittering tusks were raised at the breast of his murderer, and he fell beside his victim. Still more exasperated, the savages attacked them with redoubled fury, and though they defended themselves for several moments, they were eventually overpowered. William had fallen, and Richard was just sinking mortally wounded, beneath the arm of the chief, when Maria sprang frantically forward—"Save him! spare him! spare my infant!" she cried, as she knelt before the conqueror, and hung wildly over the now lifeless form of her consort, till she sunk senseless on his bleeding bosom. Her youth, her beauty, her agony, awakened compassion even in the breast of the savage—the hatchet was uplifted over her, but he forbore to strike—he looked towards the slain—"I am revenged," said he, "and I will spare!" He gazed one moment at Maria, with a countenance somewhat softened by pity, then raising her made his warriors convey her out of the dwelling.

The carnage had now ceased, and they proceeded to drag the corses from the flames in order to obtain their scalps—the horrid task was soon accomplished—their plunder and their few prisoners were collected, and they commenced their retreat from the scene of massacre, with loud yell of victory.

Maria now awoke from her trance, and gazed wildly round her, as a confused recollection of the events of the evening crowded on her burning brain. Her own, and the neighboring dwellings and out houses were enveloped in flames, and shed a broad blood-red glare on the cloudy heavens. The shrieks, the groans, that had so long rung in her ears were hushed; but the shouts of triumph were shrilly repeated, and the cold blast whistled shrilly through the forest, and added fury to the raging flames. Again she turned and a sight met her eye that almost stupefied her into insensibility—beside her—nearly at her feet, lay pale and bleeding, the bodies of her friends and her husband! she closed her eyes with a convulsive shudder, but spoke not. While in this wretched state, the rain began copiously to fall, wetting the dishevelled hair that rested on the face of her infant; still she heard not—she felt not—all was chaos within, and when once more the morning rose in renovated splendour, the lovely, the unfortunate Maria Donaldson, was no more. EMILY.

#### CHOICE SELECTIONS.

BY PERCIVAL.

Dear moments of childhood! how sweetly ye smile,  
As I gaze on the vista of years that are gone;  
Ye smile in your innocent loveliness, while  
In the downfall of life we are hastening on.

Oh! could I return to your beautiful prime,  
When ye shone like the morn of a clear summer day;  
And my spirit ne'er thought how the footsteps of time,  
Like the flight of an eagle, were hastening away.

Oh! could I return to those innocent hours,  
When my heart knew no sorrow, that fled not as soon  
As the soft drops of April that fall upon flowers,  
And vanish at once in the bright air of noon.

Oh! then, I might taste of the silent delight,  
That beams in the eye of an infant, and flows  
As peacefully on as the dove in her flight,  
Or the dew stealing out of the cup of a rose.

Oh! then I might lay all my sorrows at rest,  
And be calm as the first whisper'd zephyrs of spring;  
When it comes on the pinions of down from the west,  
And shakes the soft fragrance of May from its wing.

Oh! then might I know what it is to be free  
From the burden that presses a heart to the grave;  
Might char back the feeling of brightness and glee;  
The first look of love and gentleness gave.

But no—I have passed from the fresh blooming shore,  
Where life gather round it its verdure and flowers;  
I can fondly look backward—but ah! never more  
Can I taste of your sweeteness—ye innocent hours!

Then whether—ah! whether escape from the night  
Which darkens more deeply the farther I go?  
Look out from the gloom, some benevolent light  
Like a star on a traveller, who wanders below.

A light is now breaking—it comes from above,  
Still clearer and purer than life's early dawn;  
It descends with the motionless flight of a dove,  
And guides me in safety and cheerfulness on.

Then let me not turn to the innocent hours  
Of childhood, when brighter hours wait me before;

There are thorns in life's earliest and tenderest flowers,  
But yonder are flowers that shall sting me no more.

BY MOORE.

She sung of Love—while o'er her lie  
The rosy rays of evening fell,  
As if to feed with their soft fire  
The soul within that trembling shell.  
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,  
And 'twix' d'ay around those lips, that sung,  
And spoke as flowers would sing and speak,  
If Love could lend them leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer lur'd,  
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew;  
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,  
The minister's form seemed fading too.  
As if her light and heaven were one,  
The glory all had left that frame;  
And from her glistening lips the tone,  
As from a parting spirit came.

Who ever lov'd but had the thought  
That he and all he lov'd must part?  
Fell with this tear I flew and sought  
That fading image to my heart—  
And cried, "Oh! Love! is this thy doom?"  
On light of youth's respondent day!  
Must ye then loose your golden bloom,  
And thus, like sunshine, die away?

#### PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MAY.

*Walking Dress.*—Dress of violet-coloured gros de Naples; the skirt finished with five rows of trimming in cobblestones. The corsage, high and tight to the shape, is finished on each side of the bust by folds, which terminate in a point under the ceinture. The sleeve is

engaged, but not very wide, and finished by six bands. Large pelting, bordered with a trimming to correspond with the skirt. Sash fastened behind in a bow and ends. A bonnet of rice straw; the brim is of a moderate size, and finished with a fall of blond at the edge; the crown, somewhat high, is trimmed with a rich shaded riband, and a garland of white thorn. Blond colarette en bouflants. Black kid shoes. Violet kid gloves.

*Dinner Dress.*—A shaded Barezee dress; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a bouillonne of the same, divided into compartments by satin ornaments, of a colour corresponding with the darkest shade in the dress. The body cut low and square round the bust, is finished by a satin rouleau. Long sleeve, in blouse, confined to the wrist by bracelets of dead gold and sapphires. Shaded riband ceinture, fastened on the side by a gold buckle. A white guaze turban, wreathed with gold chain and finished with gold tassels. Necklace and earrings a mixture of gold and sapphires. White gros de Naples slippers. White kid gloves.

*Evening Dress.*—Dress of white tulie, over white satin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad satin rouleau, above which is a trimming, composed of satin folds arranged in the form of leaves, and this is surmounted by a very full ruche of tulie. The corsage, plain and tight to the shape, is finished round the bust with a ruche of tulie; and the sleeves very short and full, have also a ruche of the same material, arranged as a drapery. Sash of white satin, tied behind in a bow and ends. The hair is arranged in braids and bows; a band of pearls is brought very low on the forehead, and above it interspersed among the bows of hair, are placed single roses, with their foliage, and ripe and green ears of corn. Necklace, etc. etc. pearls. White satin sandals. White kid gloves. Carved cedar fan.

#### CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following may be considered as an accurate estimation of the population of the different states and territories of the United States, up to the present time.

MAINE. 299916

Free Colored persons 830

Foreigners not naturalized 1680

All other persons except Indians 3 66

not Taxed 244087

Free Colored persons 716

All other persons 139

MASSACHUSETTS. 523287

Free Colored persons 6740

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 128

RHODE ISLAND. 84137

Free Colored persons 4545

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 44

Slaves 45

CONNECTICUT. 267378

Slaves 97

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 190

VERMONT. 235769

Free Colored persons 908

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 15

NEW YORK. 1372812

Slaves 10680

Free Colored persons 29279

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 701

NEW JERSEY. 277575

Slaves 7557

Free Colored persons 12400

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 149

PENNSYLVANIA. 1049462

Slaves 205

Free Colored persons 30202

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 1951

DELAWARE. 74750

Slaves 4509

Free Colored persons 12959

MARYLAND. 406736

Slaves 106583

Free Colored persons 39730

VIRGINIA. 1063966

Slaves 425133

Free Colored persons 36889

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 250

NORTH CAROLINA. 638823

Slaves 205017

Free Colored persons 14606

GEORGIA. 535832

Slaves 145656

Free Colored persons 14606

All other persons except Indians not Taxed 4663

ALABAMA. 41879

Slaves 571

Free Colored persons 581374

KENTUCKY. 563257

Slaves 126572

Free Colored persons 2759

OHIO. 41879

Slaves 581374

Free Colored persons 159

TENNESSEE. 422313

Slaves 80107

Free Colored persons 2727

MISSISSIPPI. 75448

Slaves 32814

Free Colored persons 458

LOUISIANA. 133407

Slaves 69064

Free Colored persons 10476

INDIANA. 434

Slaves 190

Free Colored persons 1250

ILLINOIS. 55211

Slaves 917

Free Colored persons 437

MISSOURI. 66586

Slaves 10222

Free Colored persons 347

TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN. 8896

Slaves 174

Free Colored persons 131

TERRITORY OF ARKANSAS. 14246

Slaves 1617

Free Colored persons 39

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. 33039

Slaves 6377

Free Colored persons 4048

THE MURDER OF MINTOSH.

The following is extracted from the letters of the wife and daughter of the late M'Intosh, subsequent to the melancholy catastrophe.—The first is from the wife addressed to the United States' Commissioners—

"Gentlemen—When you see this letter

stained with the blood of my husband, the last drop of which is now spilt for the friend-ship he has shown for your people, I know you will remember your pledge to us in behalf of your nation, that in the worst of events you would assist and protect us—and when I tell you that at daylight on Saturday morning last, hundreds of the hostile surrounded our house, and instantly murdered General M'Intosh and Tome Tustenmugge, by shooting

are used in this country, we need not be apprehensive of the result.

But after all, there is calculation and con- sideration, and very little conviction in this conversion. A poor squatter on Grand Island, who had taken the privilege to locate himself, and cultivate choice spot of land, was extremely unwilling to be ejected, and to leave his cabin destroyed and his children driven forth, like a man of the world, he turned about in his mind, the best mode of being preserved from this calamity. "Governor" said he to me, "I'll turn Jew, if you won't turn me off." Poor fellow: he had hit upon the very worst project, and was made happy in knowing that he could keep his religion and his potato garden together. In colonizing, no exclusion is contemplated, but there must be a rallying point.

#### EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The brig Clio, Capt. Goodwin, from Smyrna, at Boston, has brought the following news, which was handed to him the day before he sailed, April 8th, by a merchant of that place.

"From our latest accounts, from the Mores, it appears that the Egyptian Expedition had effected a landing of 14000 troops, and actions had occurred before the Navar and Calamata, in which the Greeks had been successful, and had taken a great number of prisoners. The Greek fleet had sailed, and it was expected that an action between the two fleets would occur. A brig of war, and other vessels had been taken out by the advanced ships of the Greek squadron. Patras was closely besieged by land, and blockaded by sea. A French ship just arrived here had been ordered off, by the Greek squadron, and not allowed to enter. President Colotraou was there in person. Gen. Colotraou, and his party, suspected of treason, were confined at Hydra to wait their trial. The Saracens have sent a deputation to Hydra for succour of some ships, as they expect an attack from the Ottoman fleet, which was granted to them. The Ottoman fleet have partly come out from Constantinople. A squadron of Algerines are daily expected at the Archipelago. Great preparations are making against the Greeks by the Turks, to enter Morea at all points. The Greeks were also making preparations to meet them.

A splendidly embellished work, in three volumes, under the title of "The Life, Writings, Opinions and Times of the right honorable Lord Byron," dedicated to Mr. Canning, was issued from London press about the 20th of May.

The Catholic relief bill, having passed the Commons, was carried up to the British house of lords on the 11th. Upon the motion of the Earl of Donoughmore, it was read the first time, and ordered to be printed with the intention to be read the second time on the following Tuesday.

The Duke of Northumberland, the British ambassador extraordinary to Paris, was received by the king at the palace of the Tuilliers, on the 12th of May, in the most magnificent style.

A Genevese mechanic, M. Taillefer of the Canton de Vaud, (Switzerland) has invented iron arms, hands and legs, in such manner that being formed of so many springs and motions, they perform all the movements of the natural member. This is said to be tested by actual experiment.

There is at present at Stralsund, an extraordinary Elephant, which has been taught to maneuver a piece of artillery. He brings a 48 pounder up the ramparts, loads it, runs it down, points it, lights the match, and fires the cannon—all in 73 minutes.

A discovery has been

shire, at Keene, New England, we understand, have contracted with Messrs. Perkins and Heath, for their Bank Notes, who have engaged to forfeit the whole value of the Notes in circulation, amounting, in part, given satisfaction to their masters and mistresses.—The number returned has been very trifling. Were the fact generally known that children can, almost at all times, be had at the Asylum, the public might be relieved from the support of a number of them, and farmers, mechanics, housekeepers, &c. be supplied with apprentices with very little trouble.

The editor of the Boston Courier thus introduces his account of the Bunker Hill lottery:

*Bunker Hill Monument.*—The corner stone is laid. The prayers of votive thousands have ascended to the mercy-seat. The praises of unnumbered hearts have been wafted to the eternal throne. The monument of a nation's gratitude is springing up from the soil that was watered with the precious blood of the martyred patriot. "Let it rise"—a proud and permanent memorial of the sacred principle that impelled the heroes and statesmen of our country to resist the decree of the oppressor—a lofty and enduring symbol of the grateful sensibility of their descendants.

Extract of a letter dated Adams' Creek, N. C., June 13, 1823.—"The storm has been very bad with us and all others in this part of the country. The father's loss is very great—

Mr. William West (of Kentucky) has finished very fine portraits of Mrs. G. and Miss C. I have never seen anything more beautiful.—He has refused \$500 sterling for the portrait of Lord Byron, and expects for it, on his arrival in England, one thousand guineas. He will leave this city in a few days, and establish himself in London as a portrait painter. I have been of use to him, in making his merits known to many of the distinguished English, who assure me that shall have their patronage; and they express their belief that he will soon realize an independent fortune by his profession. He is greatly improved, not only in his taste, but also in general knowledge and manners, whilst his modesty and morals remain unchanged."

*Green-Room Intelligence.*

Our veteran friend, Mr. Francis, we learn, says the Washington Gazette, appears among us, for the last season. His visit this summer is a leave-taking one. He planted the legitimate drama in this District, when it was a wilderness, has since visited it as a comedian for thirty-two successive summers, and has always maintained a most respectable character, in his profession, and as a private gentleman. He was the contemporary of Garrick and Zante, in letters at London of the 9th of April, were rather unfavorable—immense preparations were said to be making, and several successes to have been gained by the Turks—but information of a later date, received by the Greek Deputies in London, is of a different and more pleasing nature; indeed, we feel confident, that whatever efforts may be made against the Greeks, they must and will eventually prevail—the justice of their cause—their ardour and patriotism—their repeated successes, and the interest, which their glorious struggle appears now to have awakened among other nations—particularly in England, who, it is anticipated, will, ere long, take part with them in some essential way—all lead us to suppose, that they have now but little to fear from any attempts which the Turks may be capable of making; although, to judge from some of the accounts furnished, they have become more united and determined to make a great and desperate struggle for the re-establishment of their power.

*Review, or, The Why and the Wherefore.*

In the notices we occasionally give of communications sent to this office for publication, and which are deemed inadmissible, we must not be considered as unnecessarily severe or minute. We presume it is generally expected by the writers, that some notice should be taken of them. The frequent enquiries, subsequently sent in, to ascertain "if my last communication came to hand?" "have you received the lines signed \_\_\_\_\_, sent to your office a few weeks since? if so, you will greatly oblige a subscriber by publishing them?" "Why were not the lines of \_\_\_\_\_ inserted? were they mislaid? if so, will furnish another copy," &c. &c. would seem to imply that writers generally are dissatisfied until their effusions, however crude or trifling, are in some way attended to. To afford this satisfaction, and prevent the needless waste of stationary and time, has been the design of our notices "to Readers and Correspondents"—but as these notices may not be generally interesting, and become, it is feared, tiresome when given weekly, we have determined on cutting them, and in their stead, furnishing an occasional summary of our latest "Literary and Scientific Intelligence." As to the justice of our observations on the merits of articles submitted to us, it is presumed, the specimens furnished in justification from the articles themselves, will generally sustain whatever remarks we see proper to offer. If we are sometimes rather free, or indulgent, in an occasional laugh at the far-fetched conceits and rhyming nonsense which occasionally present themselves, it must be allowed us as compensation for our patience and loss of time, and is, we think, fairly due to candour, and impartiality. We shall proceed without further preliminaries to No. 1, an article from a "friend," and contains the writer's sentiments on slander, &c.—as a proof that he has talent, and is capable of rising to the sublime when he chooses, take the following:—"But this is not enough to satisfy the infernal councils of the black pit—He, (Diabolus, a right wicked chap,) walks to some commanding eminence, ascends to the top of a lofty tower, and being assisted by the infernal demon, he stands tip-toe! (mark that!) and stretches forth his hand, dips his pencil in the colours of the evening clouds, and mingling them with those of the rainbow, &c.—for the purpose of painting a slanderer, which is done, by the bye, pretty handsomely, and he is turned out upon the world—but we cannot follow him through his 'journeys on the face of the earth'—and therefore proceed to

"Oh! innocence immaculate," a kind of blank verse poem, in which a desperate effort is made to trace the wide regions of imagination, and become "awfully sublime;" but it won't answer, as the subject is evidently beyond the writer's comprehension; we have no room for selections, and hasten to Zoro, who addresses his Amaranto in a lamentable sonnet, commencing with

"My men and heart do both unite,

My passion to reveal,

On this paper, I have write,

What love cannot conceal."

And goes on, to say among other affecting things, that his "verse could her heart control."

His joys would be complete;

but as there cannot be much probability of

the poetry winning the fair lady, unless she

possess a heart particularly soft, we can only

offer our solemn condolence, and proceed to

the lines to "Mary," which are tolerable, but

spoiled by the introduction of two lines,

"The zealots whom the saints adore,

Could boast no purer flame."

which it is presumed express sentiments

different from those intended.

Lines on the death of "Cora," a very super-

ior person in the stage, what a subject for the

amusement! and how finely treated—we cannot

pause long on its beauties, however, and shall

simply give one quotation as a proof of the

pathos and sublimity to which the most hum-

ble subject may sometimes give birth, when touched by the creative hand of genius:

*The Martyr of Bunker Hill Battle.*—We inhale the air they breathed; we tread the ground they trod; we surmount the altar where their lives were offered—We swear devotion to their cause! [Drunk standing.]

*The Memory of Warren.*—Associated with this occasion, his name comes to us "as the gentle rain from Heaven, refreshing the place beneath."

Recent arrivals from Europe bring no in-

telligence of particular importance—things

appear to rest quietly at present, although

there is some little indication of a distant

change. In Spain, the renewal of the Inquisition, which it is supposed will be attempted,

or something of a similar nature, may be fol-

lowed by strong excitement, if not a renewal

of the scenes which have heretofore distract-

ed that unhappy and degraded country. As

evidence of this disposition, the Courier Fran-

caise announces the receipt of a curious docu-

ment from Barcelona. It is a pastoral letter,

by which the Archbishop establishes an Apo-

stolic Junta, consisting of three priests of the

order of St. Dominic, to "proceed to the

investigation and canonical punishment of all

those transgressions which were formerly in

the resort of the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisi-

tion." In France, the coronation of Charles

the X<sup>th</sup>. was to furnish, perhaps, one of the

most gorgeous and costly displays exhibited

for some time—but the splendor of this scene

will not be likely to quiet the dissatisfaction

of the people. They appear to bear the re-

strictions and entailments of the new monarch

with an ill grace, and he may, perhaps, find it

necessary, before long, to pursue a different

and more liberal policy than that by which he

is at present governed. But Greece is the

spot to which we, on this side of the water,

look with the greatest interest—every feeling

and anxiety is awake in their behalf, and we

shall wait with much impatience the news from

that quarter. Accounts from Constantinople

and Zante, in letters at London of the 9th of

April, were rather unfavorable—immense pre-

parations were said to be making, and several

successes to have been gained by the Turks

—but information of a later date, received by

the Greek Deputies in London, is of a differ-

ent and more pleasing nature; indeed, we

feel confident, that whatever efforts may be

made against the Greeks, they must and will

eventually prevail—the justice of their cause

—Over earth expands thy still increasing fame,

Europe reveres thy venerable name;

Grateful Columbia boasts thee for her own,

Through all her states bursts forth one gene-

ral groan,

One universal cry—O! Washington. J. W.

subject may sometimes give birth, when

touched by the creative hand of genius:

"But when at last! thy setting sun,

Shall shade thy feats of glory done,

I'll drag thy grave and raise thy mound,

For ne'er was mongrel, whelp or hound,

So good as Coro."

"His setting sun?"—how dignified—and his

feats of glory?"—how exalted—but every

"dog will have his day," and Coro has had

"Relentless Death, whose fancied dart is

more true than Hell!" is inadmissible—but as

this is a "fit attempt," the writer may here-

after be more successful.

"Calvary, a Dialogue between heart and

conscience"—is a meritorious performance,

but too long, and treats on subjects out of our

Province.

"This world is a world of much sorrow"—

we had half a mind to accept—but some things

are rather unhandsomely expressed; he speaks

of the Doctors:

"Who is bleeding and phlegm will kill"

and winds up with a touch of the Post, which

was searched for ("among the sorrows of

life") on a Saturday night in vain,

"An honest old friend who resembles a friar,"

Having read all over to think of in church,"

now as we are unwilling to admit the possi-

bility of the Post having so improper an influ-

ence, and being so widely tortured from its

honest purpose, we have seen proper to turn

the scale against him.

There are a number of other articles claim-

ing attention; among them are lines on

"Meeting Miss \_\_\_\_\_," "To Miss \_\_\_\_\_,"

"A Ramble, &c.," "Dissipation," "F—s

Erla," &c.—but as we have gone considera-

bly beyond our limits, we shall wind up with the Lines to Miss \_\_\_\_\_, and for the pre-

sent dismiss our friends without further care-

mony.

We do not reject this effusion without re-

luctance, for we believe the author to possess

some of the traits that distinguish the gen-

ius poet; but his present article is faulty in

several instances, both in style and sentiment,

and to mark one, take the following stanza:

"Thou'st seen a flower, its leaves display,

And bask it in the sun's broad light;

Whose tints of green, and petals gay,

Were softened in the vernal day,

And charm'd the gazer's longing sight;

Even so, sweet girl, thou art the ray

That fills my soul with pure delight."

The poetry is very pretty, and the simile

in any other case would have been fine; but

the impression on the mind of the reader as it

now stands, is evidently that of gross self-fla-

thy.

EPIPHANY.

Model'd by nature, on her noblest plan,

Of Hero, Patriot, Legislator, man—

Such, such, was he whose ashes fill this urn,

Come from thy country never to return,

Go to receive more than thy country's love,

A crown immortal in the realms above.

Over earth expands thy still increasing fame,

Europe reveres thy venerable name;

Grateful Columbia boasts thee for



Variety's only spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

Answer to the Conundrum in our last page—  
A MESSAUND.

CONUNDRUMS.

1st. Why is a man in doubt like one easily persuaded?  
2d. Why are stories told us, like our brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, &c.?  
3d. Why is a young lady in an error, like one caught in a fact?  
4th. Why is a man taking physick, like a miniature painter?  
Why is a fool like an instrument of music?

ENIGMA.

When the first Architect of all,  
Gave motion to this rolling ball,  
The mortal man began to be,  
The fertile earth produced me,  
And till the sun shall lose his light,  
The moon be blood, and all be night,  
Secure from fate, I shall remain  
Exempt from passion and from pain.  
All night I range the spangled skies,  
But when bright Sol begins to rise,  
From upward regions down I fly,  
And on this earthly globe I lie.  
In different forms, on distant plains,  
I'm present with the herds and swains,  
Who, when they're tired with toil and heat,  
Oft find in me a cool retreat.

CHARADE.

Permit me, madam, to come uncalled into your ladyship's presence, and by dividing myself, add greatly to my consequence. So exalted am I in the character of my first, that I have trampled on the pride of kings, and the greatest potentates have bowed down to the embrace me; yet the daintiest kennel in the dirtiest street, is not too foul to have me for its inmate. In my second, what infinite variety! I am rich as the Eastern nabob, yet poor as the weeping object of your benevolence; I am mild as the gentle spring, yet savage and cruel as the winter blast; I am young, beautiful and happy; yet old, deformed and wretched; it is from the highest authority I dare pronounce myself your superior; yet few instances are there to prove it, and many are the proofs against it.—But your ladyship is tired, and wishes my re-union; it is done; and I have no other merit than in remaining, as before,

Your ladyship's  
Humble Servant.

REBUSES.

1. An instrument used by masons. 2. Three fourths of a woman's christian name, and a male well known. 3. A vowel, a consonant, and a numerical letter. 4. Two-thirds of a small destructive animal, and the three last letters of what the bakers use. 5. A colour, a numerical letter, and the four last letters of a musical instrument. 6. A building, a consonant, three-fourths of a work of division, and the three last letters of what Indians use. 7. A numerical letter, the two last letters of a cunning fellow, and an epicurean dish. 8. What succeeds to day, a preposition, and what sailors dread at sea.

The following puzzle is from a lady who assures us that four sensible lines of very sweet poetry, may be extracted from it by any "true lover" who may take the trouble. To true girl like my I'll  
If my fore kiss do you  
Love be me we will part  
Dove the of the heart

In a private letter to David Garrick, Dr. Smollett expresses the following opinion, of which every man, who looks an instant at the puppet show of the world, will feel the truth:—

"I am old enough to have seen and observed that we are all play-things of fortune, and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up a half-penny, whether a man rises to affluence and honor, or continues to his dying day, struggling with difficulties and the disgraces of life."

The celebrated Gibbon, notwithstanding his shortness and rotundity, was very gallant. One day being tete a tete with Madame de Crozans, Gibbon wished to seize a favourable moment, and, suddenly dropping on his knees, he declared his love in the most passionate terms. Madame de Crozans replied in a tone to be thunderstruck, but still remained on his knees, though frequently desired to get up and resume his seat. "Sir," said Madame de Crozans, "will you have the goodness to rise?" "Alas, Madam!" replied the unhappy lover, "I cannot!" His size prevented him from rising without assistance; upon this Madame de Crozans rang the bell, saying to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon!"

The word *bother* was first used by a servant, who being exposed to the volatility of two Irishmen, *one at each ear*, cried, "don't both car me!"—Hence the verb to *bother*.

An affecting anecdote was a short time since related in the French papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed him back, till overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream, he left the boat, and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved.

When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her, "that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged!" The lady by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied, "that she had no more money than himself, and that though none of her relations had been hanged, she had *five* who deserved hanging."

*Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.*—The Doctor treated this great actress, when she called upon him at his residence in Bol's Court, with marked politeness. Frank, his servant, could not immediately bring her a chain, upon which he said to her, "you see, Madam, wherever you go, how difficult it is to find seats."

*A cure for bad Poets.*—A physician of Bath told Poote that he had a mind to publish some Poems that he had written, "but (said he,) I've so many irons in the fire, I do not know well what to do." "Then take my advice," said Poote, "and put your Poems where your irons are."

*Garrick.*—A report was once circulated in London, during the absence of Garrick, that he was dead. The next day, however, the report was contradicted, accompanied by the following lines:

"Garrick is dead—so prattles Fane,  
The bard replies, it cannot be;  
Nature and Garrick are the same,  
Both formed for immortality."

DYSPEPSIA.

Dr. MEAD's PILLS have been proved by that infallible test of truth, experience, the most efficient medicine ever used in any country, for the cure of all those deranged states of the digestive organs, denominated DYSPEPSIA, which frequently makes the patient in the most complicate forms, such as loss of appetite, sickness at the stomach, and sometimes vomiting; belching up of water, which is sometimes tasteless, sometimes acrid, sometimes sour; sickness of the stomach, heartburn, sickness of the spirits, palpitation of the heart, vertigo and disturbed sleep. The causes of these symptoms vary in different cases, but, as far as we are able to judge, such as severe pain in the head and breast, inflammation, or wasting of the whole body, with great weakness, debility, and languor, such as debility, exhaustion, or wasting of the body, which is sometimes tasteless, sometimes acrid, sometimes sour; sickness of the stomach, heartburn, sickness of the spirits, palpitation of the heart, vertigo and disturbed sleep. The causes of these symptoms vary in different cases, but, as far as we are able to judge, such as severe pain in the head and breast, inflammation, or wasting of the whole body, with great weakness, debility, and languor, such as debility, exhaustion, or wasting of the body, which is sometimes tasteless, sometimes acrid, sometimes sour; sickness of the stomach, heartburn, sickness of the spirits, palpitation of the heart, vertigo and disturbed sleep. 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